

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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as second class matter.

Getting Information Out of Pa.

My pa, he didn't go to town
Last evening after tea,
But got a book and settled down
As comfy as could be.
I'll tell you I was off to glad
To have my pa about
To answer all the things I had
Been tryin' to find out.

And so I asked him why the world
Is round, instead of square,
And why the piggy's tails are curled,
And why don't fish breathe air?
And why the moon don't hit a star
And why the dark is black,
And just how many birds there are,
And will the wind come back?

And why does water stay in wells,
And why do June bugs hum,
And what's the roar I hear in shells,
And when will Christmas come?
And why the grass is always green,
Instead of sometimes blue,
And why a bean will grow a bean,
And not an apple, too?

And why a horse can't learn to moo,
And why a cow can't neigh?
And do the fairies live on dew,
And what makes hair grow gray—
And then my pa got up 'n' gee!
The awful words he said,
I hadn't done a thing, but he
Jest sent me off to bed.

OUT OF THE PAST.

"Come see my new flower, Dick!
It is perfection," calls my pretty wife.

I drop the unopened paper in my
easy chair with a backward toss of
my cigar case to keep it company,
then run down the piazza steps to
join her standing there with her
misty white draperies blown about
her, and the rays of the setting sun
touching her soft blonde hair till it
glows like an aureole.

"Look!" she cries dramatically.
And this is what I see: Over a
delicate trellis, beautiful as a frozen
dream, gleam clusters of snowy
white passion flowers, breaking
through the artistically interwoven
grasses of the foliage like blossoming
stars.

"Have a blossom, papa," cries
the autocrat of our household,
hurriedly breaking a cluster from
the vine and reaching it to me from
his diminutive height of three
summers.

The odor from the deadly-white
blossoms sends a thrill, a chill to my
heart. I stand looking stupidly
down at the cluster baby has placed
in my passive hand.
"Why, Dick," cries Madge,
laying a hand on either arm and
looking at me anxiously, "what is
the matter? Perhaps it is the
perfume from these flowers—it is
poison to some people."

With a hasty apology I put my
wife and child from me and return
to the house, still carefully holding
the spray of white passion flowers
in my hand. I seat myself and look
away from them for the first time.
The sun is dipping below the horizon
and sending out long, quivering
rays of light that reach to the big
oaks standing sentinel over our
gateway.

Out of the purple depths of the
summer gloaming this picture looms
up before my eyes: a semi-southern
woods lighted by the shimmer and
sparkle of moonbeams, and floating
sparks of fire-flies; a mountain
road with a splendid horse and rider
just emerging into the moonlight—the
horse swinging slowly along,
his glossy chest flecked with foam,
his arched neck bowed and the long
black mane sweeping downward;
the rider, lissome and young, with
a supple grace in her rounded arms
which the close-fitting jacket of
black velvet reveals to perfection.

Forever I shall remember her!
The dusky eyes with their hints of
tropic splendor, the white passion
flowers against her velvet bodice,
and the soft moonlight just touching
her face; and under heaven or
earth there is no light so softening
or beautifying to a woman's face as
moonlight!

With this face still haunting me,
I eat my supper in the lonely inn of
the rather more dead-than-alive
little town on that same evening
and listen to the garrulous talk of
my obsequious host.

"I met a pretty girl on the
mountain road as I came in this
evening," I say, at length; "wonder
who she was?"

My host regards me contemplatively
through a ring of tobacco smoke.

"Ridin' a big black horse?" he
queries.

I nod assent.

"Jess so," he says, meditatively;
"she has been offered \$200 for

that horse and won't sell him.
There isn't his match in the State—
can run like lightning, and the
fence isn't made that he would stop
at. Don't mind a soul but her,
neither," continues the man, wax-
ing eloquent, "there isn't a place
short of heaven that he wouldn't go
if she called him. Why, stranger,
one day when the fork was up, and
nothing but back water from hill to
hill, I saw that horse plunge in
amidst all that floating timber and
driftwood and swim clean to the
other hill at just one word from
her!"

"But who is she?" I question.
He regards me in much the same
manner that you would a compara-
tively well-informed person that
had just asked you who Adam was.
"Maurise Shelby," he at length
answers, shortly.

"She lives here?"
"Half a mile up the Fork, to the
right, in a big, ruinous old house.
That used to be the finest plantation
on the Fork and Col. Shelby the
most popular man. But times are
changed. The colonel lost his life
in the late war—he was as brave a
man, sir, as ever wore the gray. His
daughter has all his plucky
spirit. Pity she were not his son!
She lives all alone with her father's
sister and invalid husband. Hard
to come down to poor folks' ways
after once being rich, but you never
heard a Shelby complain. Maurise
has had many a chance to better her
condition—rich fellows at that—but
they all get the same answer. She
don't take much to strangers, either.
Northerner! you wouldn't stand any
chance, sir! They buried her heart
with her father, poor lass!—and all
the love she has to give is for the
south."

A few weeks later, when the
woodland hills are blushing red
with shame at their departing
glories and there is a spicy breath
of autumn in the air, I again stop at
the little village on my return home,
and seek my former host.

After a late dinner I doze away in
an easy chair while planning some
excuse for calling on Maurise Shel-
by. Suddenly I am roused by a com-
motion on the outside. Women's
voices in helpless terror blending
with men's. A child's scream rising
above the clatter of iron hoofs on
the pavement!

Rushing to the window I see a
tiny child perched on a gray steed
that is rearing and plunging beyond
all control. The child's mother
rushes forward, but is struck by
one of the brute's forefeet as he
plunges. The crowd rescues and
carries her away with a dark red
stain dripping upon the pavement.

It all happens so quickly—not in
one tenth the time it takes to write
it! The horse has broken loose
and is tearing away toward the
Fork, which, muddy and swollen
with the late rains, rolls rapidly out
of sight.

It is death, certain—either trampled
beneath iron hoofs or drowned in
that muddy current! I am not
the only one that turns away with a
groan from the sickening sight.
But instead of the death cry I am
expecting to hear, there rises a
shout of rejoicing. Am I mad?
I look again. The crazed brute has
disappeared, while cantering over
the sunny slopes toward us, is a
rider mounted on a splendid black
horse—both of which I have surely
seen before.

It all comes back to me in a flash.
The close-fitting jacket with the
sparkle of brilliants in the golden
clasp at the throat, the black-plum-
ed hat, the spray of white passion
flowers against the bodice, only that
now, crushed against them is the
child so late rescued from deadly
peril. A moment only I see her,
then the crowd close about and she
is hidden from view.

"And the first thing she asked
when banding the baby down was
why we did not shoot the horse,"
this from Barnes, the grocery man,
as he leans over his counter awhile
later where a dozen or more of us
are assembled, discussing the late
incident. "She is just like the col-
onel, that quick to think," he con-
tinues; "now, any of us could have
done it and maybe would have
thought of it when it was too late!
Never saw anything run like that
horse of hers did—straight against
the gray and staggered him so that
she barely got the child off before
the brute plunged in the river!"

The little fellow was still clinging
like mad, they say. Might as well
have shot the horse, for he's drown-
ed by now, I reckon."

"Will you find a doctor for me,
please? I think I have hurt my
arm," says a low distinct voice from
the doorway.

Straight and slender, with one
hand resting against the counter,
stands Maurise Shelby, her level
eyes looking miles away, her face
white as the flowers on her breast.

I hasten forward and place a
chair for her.

"I am a practicing physician," I
say, quietly and naturally as I
can, "will you let me examine your
arm?"

Her eyes look straight into mine.
I wonder that I ever fancied them
blue or black! They resemble nothing
so much as jewels under run-
ning water, the same brilliant rays
flashing through limpid brown
water.

"Thank you," she answers,
quietly, taking the chair and
indicating which arm was injured.
Her face is still white as the
crushed flower she is wearing. It
is the reaction from the terrible
excitement she has just undergone,
and but for her indomitable will,
I think she must faint, for I can see
that she is suffering terribly, yet by
neither word nor gesture does she
make it known.

"Cut the sleeve," she directs,
for I cannot move my arm."
As in a dream I apply the lin-
iment, arrange the bandages, and
listen to the continued talk around
me, while all the while the odor
from those deadly white passion
flowers permeates my brain, and
Miss Shelby sits silent and motion-
less.

"Thank you," she says quietly,
when my task is ended. Then
rising she requests Barnes to bring
up her horse. The man looks doubt-
fully at her white face, then at me.
"By no means," I say hastily,
"it would be risking your life. If
you must go, my horse is yet in
harness—I shall drive you."

Once again I feel an echo of that
thrill of joy which I hand Maurise
Shelby into the carriage and take
my place at her side.

We arrive at our destination all
too soon, and a sweet-faced lady
whom Miss Shelby introduces to me
as her aunt, Mrs. Thomson, meets
us at the door and welcomes me
with a sweet southern accent.

"I shall call to-morrow and see
you," I say, authoritatively, after I
have stayed in that quaintly pictur-
esque room as long as politeness
admits.

On my return to the hotel I find
letters awaiting me from my father
demanding my immediate presence
at home.

With a sigh over the turn of
fortune I promise myself a speedy re-
turn to this place which has sud-
denly become so dear to me.

The next morning finds me mak-
ing my adieux at the picturesque
homestead of the Shelys'.
Maurise, in a thin black house-
dress, looks fair as an alabaster
image. Such a firm, sweet womanly
mouth it is that smiles and
thanks me so graciously for my
kindness to her.

"I shall hope to see you again
soon," I say, at length, rising reluc-
tantly to take my departure.
"Business calls me this way in a
few months; may I have the pleas-
ure of calling on you then?"

I try to keep the eagerness out of
my tones, but feel that my soul is
in my eyes as they seek hers for an
answer. While Mrs. Thomson is
giving me a cordial invitation to
come, Maurise turns slightly and
looks full at me for the first time
that morning. Had she the gift of
second sight? Did those level, ten-
der, far-seeing eyes read the future
even then, and know that this was
our last meeting on earth?

There is a mist before my eyes—
in my heart a feeling that I have
seen the glories of heaven and just
missed them. My fingers close
firmly over hers while I stammer
something about the blossoms at
her belt—a great cluster of white
passion flowers.

"It is a new flower," explains
Mrs. Thomson, "and Maurise's
favorite above all others. Give
him a cluster, dear."

And with the white blossoms in
my hand and Maurise Shelby's
sweet voice echoing in my heart, I

took my last look into her beautiful
eyes and leave her forever.

The few months stretch into 12
ere I can return. "These inland
towns change so little," I think,
noting every detail in the town to
be just the same as when I left it a
year ago—even to my former land-
lord, smiling a welcome at me from
his doorway. Yet I am destined to
find that Time's fingers have not
been idle during my absence.

"The Shelys?" my host repeats,
wonderingly, in answer to my query.
"Judge Stevens owns that place
now! Thomson's widow went south
just after her husband's death.
Miss Maurise? Why, haven't
you heard, stranger? I thought the
whole world knew how she saved the
lives of 13 people during the big rise,
then lost her own. How? By swim-
ming in to them on that horse of
hers, that could go anywhere. But
the last trip he was struck by a piece
of floating timber and both horse
and rider went down, instantly.
They found her body next day—"

A numbness comes over me. My
heart seems turning to stone.
Some men are singing at their work
across the meadows—a song of
Dixie and orange blossoms. The
words and melody fit oddly into the
broken places of my host's narra-
tive, while he tells how the brave
young life went out on that terrible
night in an effort to save others.

That night, with the moonbeams
silvering and softening the world as
they did on our first meeting, I seek
Maurise Shelby's last resting place,
and kneel at her grave. The
autumn winds whisper a solemn
requiem and spread their leaf mats
thick on the slender mound, while
there, on the marble cross, twined
thick with white passion flowers, I
read how Maurise, daughter of Col.
Shelby, died.

Then the white moonlight and
white marble and white flowers
blend and blur together so that I
can read no further. Yet, shrouded
in memory's casket and embalmed
with white passion flowers, is her
face.

"Dick!" calls my wife. "Ah!
here you are—dreaming. I do be-
lieve! The Greysons have called.
Why did you not come in? Mrs.
Greyson admired my new dress ex-
travagantly. Now, really, Dick
did you ever see any woman as
beautiful as I, or one that you loved
half so well?"

I touch my lips to the dead white
blossoms still in my hand, then toss
them away into the gathering gloom.
"No, dear," I answer, with a sigh
—it might have been for myself, or
for that lone grave on the distant
hillside, or just for the lost days of
my dear, dead youth.

Catholic Church Notices.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th
Street—Instruction and Services
in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on
the third Sunday of the month.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of
Amsterdam Avenue—Services and
Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington
Avenue and 66th Street—Services
and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.
BROOKLYN.—Knights of Colum-
bus Hall, Hanson Place and South
Portland Avenue.—Religious In-
struction at 3:30 P.M., on the
fourth Sunday of the month.

JERSEY CITY.—St. Peter's, 144
Grand Street, Services and Instruc-
tion in the College Hall, at 3:30
P.M., on the first Sunday of the
month.

Under the direction of
REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S. J.

St. Thomas Mission, St. Louis.
Christ Cathedral Chapel, 13 and Locust Sts.
Rev. J. H. Cloud, Minister, 2008 Virginia
Avenue.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Sunday School at 10 A.M.
Week-day meetings at 8 P.M., on
first and third Fridays a.
fourth Wednesday, in the Par-
ish House.

A recent London advertisement
offered apartments "suitable for a
journalist or Christian man."

OHIO.

The Pupils Back from the Holiday Vacation

A PUPIL DIES SUDDENLY.

News Notes about the Deaf and the Home.

[News items for this column may be sent
to our Ohio News Bureau, care of M. A. B.
Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Jan. 11, '08.—Pupils returned
Saturday from their Christmas
vacation with more promptness
than was expected. With very few
exceptions, and these are excusable,
all were back in the evening, look-
ing happy and refreshed, and all
reported a good time at home.
Monday, the regular work was be-
gun, and there was no evidence
that there had been a lull in the
daily school routine. With the re-
sumption of school, Monday, Miss
Maude Hendrick relieved Miss
Francis Barker, who had taught
her class since the fall term began.

According to program, examina-
tions, covering the first half of the
school year, were to begin yester-
day, but have been postponed till
the latter part of the month, in
order to allow the pupils to make
up for the two weeks spent at home.

The Institution household was
thrown into a sudden sadness,
Wednesday afternoon after school,
by the sudden death of one of the
pupils, James Hehir. After the
dismissal of school, he, with a
number of the boys were engaged
in the recreation hall playing
basketball. He had participated
rather hard in a little scrimmage
for the ball, and stepped aside to
blow off, saying he was tired.
Suddenly he was seen to faint, and
some of his companions came to his
aid to afford relief. He died, how-
ever, before medical assistance
could be summoned.

The Coroner made an examina-
tion of the case, and decided that
death was caused by paralysis of
the heart.

His parents, who reside in Cleve-
land, were notified of his death,
and asked that the body be sent to
that place for burial, which was
done Thursday morning. The cas-
ket, containing the remains, was
placed in the B center, and after
chapel service the whole house-
hold took a last look at the now
lifeless form.

He had returned Saturday from
his home, eager to resume his
studies. He was a good, and
obedient boy, cheerful at all times,
and willing to learn. His age was
eighteen years, and he had been at
school nearly eight years.

The Columbus Advance Society
at its meeting Wednesday evening,
transacted considerable business.
All but three of the thirty-two
members were present.

Mr. Beckert, from the Committee
appointed to purchase Christmas
presents for the inmates of the
Home, reported what had been given
and the amount of the purchase. Mr.
Clifford Rose was admitted to mem-
bership and Mr. Charles Griffin's
name was proposed.

The Amusement Committee,
through Mr. Beckert, reported a
programme for an entertainment to
be given probably the first of next
month.

Mr. Zorn spoke of his visit to
Lima, where he lectured under the
auspices of the Lima Advance So-
ciety last week, and brought greet-
ings from the latter Society.

Mr. Zorn suggested that a com-
mittee of three be appointed to
prepare a set of by-laws for the
government of such Society as it
would aid in the organizations of
others. This was agreed to, and
Messrs. Zorn, McGregor and
Charles were selected.

In order to relieve the treasurer
of some of his work, it was decid-
ed to have due cards printed and
one given each member, and when
monthly dues are paid the amount

for each monthly due will be writ-
ten or punched for each month on
the card.

The treasurer's report for the
year showed to the credit of the
Home Fund on January 8th, 1908,
a balance of \$264.65. The total
receipts, including a balance of
\$216.92, were \$329.75, and expendi-
tures \$65.10.

The Society's fund total receipts
including balance were \$92.94, ex-
penditures \$41.70, leaving a bal-
ance of \$57.70.

A motion to amend the rules for
the appointment of a committee to
visit the Home on stated periods,
was made, and the matter will be
acted upon at next meeting, which
will be January 29th. The follow-
ing officers were chosen to serve
during the year, and all except the
last named by acclamation:

President, Mr. P. P. Pratt; Vice-
President, Mr. August Beckert;
Secretary, Mr. C. W. Charles;
Treasurer, Mr. Thomas McGinness;
Custodian, Mr. Wm. Mayer.

A campaign for the raising of
funds to pay off the recently pur-
chased farm addition to the Home
was begun the day pupils left for
their homes, by giving most of them
a booklet for collections. Most of
the books were left at home, but
will be raised during the summer
vacation. Over one hundred and
fifty dollars were brought back,
however. Not bad for a beginning.

Mrs. Governor Harris and Mrs.
James E. Campbell, whose husband
was Governor of the State, 1890-'92,
were visitors at the Institution
Thursday afternoon.

Miss Jane McK. Campbell is visit-
ing relatives in Delaware, Ohio.

Mr. Elasco Burcham, whose ill-
ness was previously referred to,
has sufficiently recovered to be
able to visit his home in Scottown.
Meanwhile his brother Grover C.
will work in his place here.

A. B. G.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

New Year's day was unusually
quiet and seemed to have lost some
of its old gaiety, but it was an en-
joyable holiday. The weather was
ideal for riding and walking, but
New Year calls were not numerous.

The few gray-haired mutes (or
thought themselves so), think with
sad feelings of the merry parties of
young mutes who enjoyed making
a round of calls on their young
lady acquaintances, eating a bit and
drinking a sip to the health of each.
It is one of the "good old times"
that are gone, never to return.

Mr. and Mrs. Williamson's twen-
tieth wedding anniversary was cele-
brated at their home on Saturday,
January 4th, by a surprise party of
friends. They both received some
fine presents, among them bring a
picture of Hoffman's "Boy Christ"
in a handsome frame, from Mr.
Lloyd. We were amused at one of
the presents. It was a leghorn
rooster, brought by Mr. Smith
Austin. The rooster crowed thrice
and it was remarked that some one,
present must have just denied tell-
ing a lie, like Peter, the disciple.
Refreshments brought by the visi-
tors were well served and pleasant
conversation took up the evening.
Fred Lloyd's talks were funnier
than ever, but it was noticed he
declined to tell about "Trip to Sid-
ney." May Mr. and Mrs. William-
son live to celebrate their silver
wedding.

It is hoped that Misses Lillian
Austin, Inez Hull and Edith Gray,
will return to their labors at the
overall factory with renewed vigor
after a two weeks' vacation.

Mr. Smith Austin, who has been
ill with the grip, will come back to
work at the Marshall Furniture Co.,
in Lestershire.

Mr. Robert Hogan returned to
the Rochester School after New
Year, from a short visit to Miss Hull.
Mr. Henry Coe has quit the End-
cott-Johnson Shoe Shop to accept a
position at the Dunn & McCarthy
factory.

Miss Anna Kennedick has gone to
Hartford, Ct., with her father,
whom she had not seen for six years.
Miss Margaret Connor is visiting
her friend, Miss Ciesielski, in One-
onta, N. Y.

F. H. K.

The Automobile Club of En-
gland, founded ten years ago, has
2,900 members.

FANWOOD.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Through the kindness of *The
Evening World*, one of the leading
papers published in this city, the
pupils had the opportunity of
witnessing the theatrical perfor-
mance of "The Bad Boy and his
Teddy Bears," at Charles E.
Blaney's Lincoln Square Theatre,
Broadway and 66th Street. The
evening before the pupils were
assembled in the chapel, where
Prof. W. G. Jones entertained them
all with a description of the play
they were to see the next day. As
Prof. Jones is an expert sign maker
and has the knack of making things
very clear, he was able to interest
them very much.

The next day, at a little after one
o'clock the pupils started for the
subway, the boys in the usual
battalion order with the band in the
front. The trip occupied about
half an hour, during which con-
versation claimed the pupils' atten-
tion.

The battalion re-formed at the
subway exit at 66th Street, and
the band playing a lively march
composed by Sousa, the boys
marched to the entrance, the girls
having gone on ahead. The music
ceased after the battalion had passed
inside, but commenced over again
at the request of one of the man-
agers of the theatre. The music
ceased very soon, and the be-
were shown their seats. A few
children from the Westchest
Lexington Avenue Schools were
there before us, a number of our
boys obtained seats in the second
balcony. The band occupied a box
which was so near that every-
thing was plainly seen. The curtain
not having gone up, the "Star
Spangled Banner" was played,
while all of the audience arose in
honor of the National anthem.

The curtains soon went up and
the first act commenced. There
was a lot of dancing and singing,
the former being rather interesting
owing to its intricacies. The best
parts of the play were the second
and third acts, in which Flossie
Bear and Teddy Bear appeared
most prominently. Their cute little
antics and mischievous tricks made
the whole audience roar with
laughter. The home of the Bears
was very comfortable for a bear's
home, and this is where Chips, the
bad boy, and his sweetheart Rosie,
hid, after Chip made the old rail-
road president so generous by
drinking from the magic mineral
springs, that he gave away fifty
thousand dollars. Harry Clayton
and Alice Cook also found refuge
here, after running away from home
and wandering in the woods for
many days and nights. It rounded
up with a circus given by Chips at
which Alice and Harry announce
their marriage and are forgiven and
so "All's well that ends well."

The afternoon was really a most
delightful one, during which the
pupils all enjoyed the play
immensely and are very grateful to
The Evening World for its kind-
ness. Too much can not be said in
favor of a paper that shows interest
enough in the deaf as to try and
make them happy, and the memory
of its kindness will ever remain in
the minds of the pupils here. The
pupils are also grateful to Principal
Currier for kindly giving his per-
mission.

During the second and third acts
the ushers distributed boxes of
candy among the pupils of the three
schools, and all was done to make
them feel happy. The pupils here
were able to understand most of the
talk that was going on, from the
description given them by Prof.
Jones.

Last Saturday evening the mem-
bers of the Fanwood Literary As-
sociation were entertained by Prof.
Harry Best with a lecture on "The
Battle for America." The speaker
took great pains to make his mean-
ing clearly understood, and so an
enjoyable evening was passed. A
vote of thanks was tendered Prof.
Best at the conclusion, and after
that, as there was no other business,
the meeting was unanimously voted
adjourned.

C. L.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 16, 1908.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 1001 Broadway) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.—One Copy, one year, \$1.00. It is not paid within six months, 1.50.

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"He's true to God who's true to man: Wherever wrong is done In the knotted and the weakest Neath the all-beholding sun, That wrong is also done to us, And they are slaves most base, If we have long of right for themselves, And not for all the race."

Masters of Fate.

A noted Harvard professor died not long ago. During his life he had become very much interested in the cases of many of his students who had ill health or bodily disability to fight with. He desired to help and encourage them. So he set himself to collect all sorts of instances of people who had been burdened in the race of life with grave difficulties, and yet achieved nobly. When he died, his widow took this material, and made a most interesting book of it, called "The Masters of Fate." It is a chronicle of great deeds done by weak bodies.

In philosophy, for example, Bacon, Kant, Spinoza, Aristotle, and Herbert Spencer, were all men of weak bodies. Kant was never entirely free from pain. But he exercised his will to such good purpose that even when suffering from a headache or an oppression of the chest, he could concentrate his mind perfectly on his chosen subject. He accepted life uncomplainingly. There was nothing of the self-indulgence of the invalid about him. He lived above his pain. In working out his salvation, an inner need of the heart of a cavalier, a soul of a believer, and the temperament of a martyr, and Kant exemplified this.

Isaac Newton, Victor Hugo, and Daniel Webster were such weaklings when they were born that their lives were despaired of. They went through all the sufferings of sickly and unpromising youth. But they were determined to be useful, to learn and to know, in spite of constant ill health. Webster was sent to college partly because he was unfit for work on his father's farm. He wrote to a class mate, "The talent with which heaven has entrusted me is small, very small, yet I feel responsible for the use of it." John Flaxman, the great sculptor, was a feeble, crippled boy. Seated in a chair, supported by pillows, behind the counter in his father's shop, the little cripple spent his time in drawing from plaster casts. He taught himself Latin, and at fourteen was modeling and designing for the Wedgwood pottery. These young lives were weighted down with burdens that most boys would have considered crushing. But they faced fate, and mastered it by slow, patient, everyday effort. They had faith, too—faith in God, who had put them in the world, and faith that he would help them forward. They were not morbid; they were sane and brave. Victory came to them because it belongs to the courageous.

Alfred the Great, from his early teens, suffered from an illness of epilepsy. There were times, frequently, when both mind and body failed him. But after these attacks he returned, with indomitable will, to his task of ruling a distracted kingdom, and resisting the incessant onslaughts of the Danes. "He was constantly," says one biographer, "afflicted with severe attacks of an incurable complaint; he had not one moment's ease, either from the pain it caused him, or from the gloom which was thrown over him by the apprehension of its coming." Yet how few young people who have studied English history in school ever think of Alfred except as strong, active, and unconquerable. His steadfast, splendid soul, shines out in the chronicles, and his pain-racked body is kept in the background.

Nelson, the great naval hero, was extremely unpromising material for even a midshipman. His health was very weak, and his uncle, who took him on his own ship as a favor, said that there was little use in his going to sea, but that "a cannon ball would probably knock off his head the first time he went into action, and so provide for him." After this, in different naval battles, Nelson lost his right arm and the

sight of his right eye. On the eve of the battle of Copenhagen, he had to lie on his cot, from sheer exhaustion, while giving his orders. Yet England could have better spared a hundred of her most stalwart and healthy sons than this one undersized, frail, exhausted cripple.

The blind and the deaf have in many famous cases overcome their handicap. Milton, writing his most splendid poetry in his blindness; Prescott, composing his great history; Homer, the blind bard of Greece; Huber, the blind naturalist; Fawcett, the blind statesman; Beethoven, the deaf composer; Harriet Martineau, the deaf author; and the most wonderful of all, Laura Bridgman and Helen Keller, blind, deaf, and dumb, yet mastering these afflictions with extraordinary greatness and bravery of spirit. Harriet Martineau called her deafness "the grandest impulse to self-mastery."

Schiller Stevenson, James Watt, Channing, William Pitt, Elizabeth Barrett, Browning, Wilberforce, Kepler, Parkman—the list of those who have conquered their disabilities contains all sorts of famous names. In the ordinary rank of life also, there are masters of fate. The story is told of a one-legged cripple soldier on an American farm, who turned to plowman's work, and won substantial prosperity. He used that form of plow where a plowman rides instead of following; but he worked fifteen hours a day and took care of four horses. One of the big Atlantic liners used to have a crippled captain. He sat all day in a wheeled chair, pushed about the decks by an attendant, but he was one of the ablest commanders in the service. A young girl suffering from curvature of the spine is a successful teacher of little children in a large institution. Sometimes she has to go into the hospital for a week or two, but only to come back and take up the reins with renewed courage. These are not famous, but they are masters of fate in the old, brave way. "Blessed is he that overcometh"—and the world is twice blessed in such noble souls, first in the work they do, again in the inspiration they bring to all who see them fight and conquer.—Forward.

"Johnny Haint no Violet."

"A family moved from the West end this year from a locality in one of the Southern States where cleanliness of person seems not to have been one of the cardinal virtues. A small boy belonging to the family John by name, attended a West end school, but he was so dirty and ill-smelling in person that the teacher could no longer stand it, and she sought by all the persuasive means in her power to induce the boy to improve his habits and interview soap and water with more frequency. Failing to arouse his interest in this way, the teacher, in desperation, wrote the mother a note, as follows:

"Please give John a bath. He is so dirty and smells so badly that I cannot stand it any longer."

The next day John reported at school as dirty as ever, with the following note addressed to his teacher from his mother: "Jonny haint no violet, don't smell him, lern him."

The above clipping is from the Duluth Evening Herald of January 7th. It suggests that if people have a particular mission, and that mission does not smell just like a bed of violets, it will do very little good to hold one's nose, squat down on one's heels, make a wry face and point the finger of scorn at it, while calling the world's attention to the fact that it is rotten, that it stinks. I never saw a pole cat that was made sweet smelling by telling it that it stunk. In connection with the National Association of the Deaf, regarding the particular perfume of which so much has recently been said, it might be as well for the gentlemen whose noses are so acute to spare the general public as much as possible and proceed in a practical way to "lern it."

It would seem that in the general scramble to organize a Federation of the Deaf, a great deal of writing and very little thought has been the order of the day. Everything seems to have been done except the one right and sensible thing. A big committee has been appointed to Federate, a committee that represents no one except the individuals on that committee; "the Gallaudet College" has been appealed to, and "the Gallaudet College" has nothing whatever to do with any Federation plans. The National Association itself has nothing to do with Federation. It can Federate all it wants to, but it will be just so much time wasted. Federation has to do with the State Associations. If they want to get together and form a National Organization with a view of co-operation, it is for them to say so. The various State Associations should elect delegates to a general conference of State Associations from such an organization as seems best to them.

After such an organization is perfected, if the National Association with its alleged bad perfume wants to continue to exist, let it. If it dies, it will probably be buried so deep that it will be inoffensive. JAY COOKE HOWARD. DULUTH, Jan. 8, 1908.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The Second Term of the Year.

ELECTION OF VARIOUS SOCIETIES.

East Wing Chronicle.

(From our Regular Correspondent.) Washington, D. C., January 12, 1908.—The Christmas and New Year holidays have come and gone. Everybody is now buckling down with renewed energy. Let us hope that the year 1908 will be a banner one for Gallaudet.

Friday and Saturday, those students who were conditioned had examinations. Those who passed, considered themselves lucky dogs.

The Gallaudet College Athletic Association held its semi-annual business meeting in the Lyceum Saturday morning. The election of the officers for the second term took place. The officers:

President, Dean E. Tomlinson, '08; Vice-President, Robert Lee Davis, '09; Secretary, Emery Vinson, '11; Treasurer, Elmer D. Talbert, '11; Baseball Scorer, Leslie Elmer, '11; Choc. Auditor, T. S. Williams, '08; Choc. Agent, John H. Mueller, '11; Yell Leader, Iva M. Robinson, '11.

The Saturday night Dramatic Club met last week, and elected the following officers to serve for the second term:

President, Fred O'Donnell, '09; Vice-President, Elmer Talbert, '11; Secretary, John H. Mueller, '11; Treasurer, Gottlieb Bieri, '10. Committee on Play: Fred O'Donnell, '09, Chairman; R. L. Davis, '09, P. E. Cadwell, '10, I. M. Robinson, '11, John T. Haver, '11.

Committee of Arrangements: E. D. Talbert, '11, Chairman; J. H. Mueller, '11, G. Bieri, '10, G. Isaacson, '10, O. Baby, L. C.

Prof. Percival Hall was elected President of the District of Columbia Branch of the Harvard University Club, at a meeting of the club last Wednesday night. Postmaster General George Von L. Meyer and Secretary of State Robert Bacon are the Vice-Presidents.

Emery Vinson, '11, has been ill for the past week.

The following officers are on the Reading Room committee, to serve for the second term. Dean E. Tomlinson, '08, Chairman; T. S. Williams, '08, Harold Preston, '09, Fred O'Donnell, Secretary; William N. Tomey, Librarian; C. Schrevel, Treasurer.

Hereafter Emery Vinson, '11, will act as correspondent of this column, in place of ye scribe, Samuel Cohen, '11, who retires.

S. C., '11.

(From our East Wing Correspondent.)

Owing to the length of the Christmas holiday, an unusually large number of Co-eds spent their vacation away from the Green. Miss Rhoades, I. C., Miss Sharp, I. C., Miss Fammone, I. C., Miss Johnson, '09, and Miss Streby, '09, spent theirs at different out-of-town places. Miss Williams, '09, Miss Northrop, '08, and Miss W. Northrop, Normal, spent their holiday with friends in the city.

During the holiday, a great craze of roller-skating made its appearance on the Green. Now a number of Co-eds have the art down to a fine point. Several parties have been chaperoned to the rink at Convention Hall, to indulge in an afternoon of skating.

On New Year's Eve, the card club was entertained by several of its members, and developed into a watch-party, the members bidding farewell to the old year, and welcoming in the new. The hostess served refreshments, which were delicious, and helped to keep some of the sleepy ones awake.

During a part of the vacation, Miss Neldon, '08, entertained her sister. She did more sight-seeing in a week than she did in all the three years since she entered the college. Our Miss Neldon and her sister look so much alike, that several times one was mistaken for the other.

We learned that one of the fair ducks, who set out for the White House on New Year's Day, to shake the hand of the President, got so frightened at the guards that she marched along with the fingers of each hand spread wide apart. She did this to show the guards that she had no bombs or other murderous weapons ready for use.

Another of the fair tribe of feathered ones straggled out of line in her eagerness to see all that was to be seen in the White House, and one of the guards had to put her back into her place, much to her mortification.

On January 2d, those who knew her were both surprised and pleased to catch a glimpse of Miss Marbut, '04, (Normal). She paid us a flying call on her way back to her

duties at Mt. Airy. We were sorry that we only caught a glimpse of her.

Miss Ren, '08, attended a party at the home of a friend in the city on the evening of January 3d, and from reports seems to have had an enjoyable time.

Our Matron, Miss Ellis, has been suffering from a severe attack of the grip for the past two weeks. We hope she will soon be about again. Quite a number of the Co-Eds suffered from more or less attacks of the same malady during the holiday, but all are about now.

Miss Jameson and Miss Fandrem, members of the feathered tribe, tried to find their way to the zoo recently, but got lost. When they at last managed to reach their destination they were pretty tired. To add to their misfortunes on the way home Miss Fandrem slipped and hurt her foot, and has been going about on crutches ever since.

On December 21st, Miss Kilgore, '08, was called to her home in New Mexico by illness in the family. She is greatly missed by all, and everyone is sorry she had to leave, as she had nearly finished her course here. She left the place of head-senior vacant, and so Miss Jones, '08, was elected to fill the position.

"Five Hundred" was all the rage during the holiday, and every day there was great demand for cards, tables and partners.

We were recently informed of the marriage, on Christmas Day, of Miss Gertrude Hill, ex-'10, of Iowa, and Mr. Manar, a deaf man of the same State. We all wish them a long and a happy life.

RANDOM RAYS.

By AUGUSTA K. BARRETT.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS!

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light; The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die! Ring out the Old, ring in the New; Ring happy bells, across the snow; The year is going—let him go; Ring out the False, ring in the True! Ring out the slowly dying cause, And ancient forms of party strife; Ring in the nobler and the true, With sweeter manners, purer life! Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good! Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart the wider hand; Ring out the darkness of the land— Ring in the Christ that is to be!

—Tennyson

RING IN THE FEDERATION!

Dr. Thomas Francis Fox, after doing some strenuous searching in the musty record of the past, published some interesting facts regarding the history of the idea for the Federation of the N. A. D. He tells us of those who with him have been interested in building up the Federation, Messrs. Hanson, Dr. Smith, Veditz, and Hasenstab. Dr. Fox says he first gave expression to the idea in 1889, so when the 1910 Convention meets the Federation idea will be 21 YEARS OLD, and ought to then materialize. It is strange that such a good cause has gone begging for support for, lo! many years. The pioneers above mentioned are now joined by Tilden whose recent articles prove him to be intensely interested in the Federation. Perhaps he is the man who will finally chisel the intricate plan to perfection. Once completed it will be a stupendous monument to the intellect, energy and ability of the American deaf.

The St. Paul Convention was the one where we reaped the greatest amount of social pleasures. The St. Louis Convention was the greatest as regards numbers and actual work accomplished. Tilden claims that the Norfolk Convention was the one where the greatest amount of *finesse* was displayed. How can the Colorado Convention eclipse all these?

Why, of course, by being the one where the Federation is established. Most observing and thinking people will agree that little of practical value was accomplished at the Norfolk meeting. However, the same is true of a number of previous ones. Who that was at St. Louis does not remember the time devoted to reading and discussion of papers by foreigners, and several were read and discussed whose writers were not present.

What good does it do us anyway, to discuss and weep over the condition of the deaf of foreign countries?

Such things generally go in at one ear and out at the other.

What if all that time at St. Louis had been devoted to discussion of the Federation?

Let us at Colorado Springs make up for the time frittered away at past conventions and do something really great.

I read a magazine article the other day telling of the troubles of a man who had a good but complicated scheme in which he tried to interest his friends. I was at once reminded of the Federation, so will quote it here:—

Yet, think of it! Just one little microscopic unit of these fourteen billion squirming human ants caught this idea, and by dint of courage, patience and perseverance, became on his line the most conspicuous of all his fellow toilers.

Supposing he had listened to the word of the Disconsolator! Supposing he had yielded to the Dilator! Supposing Procrastination had conquered Pertinacity!

Mr. Disconsolator said: "Pardon me, as you are not the first-born but you are certainly the chiefest of fools. I beg you find the door!"

Mr. Dilator said: "O pahaw, even if your idea were worth anything it will take more ability and endurance than any human being has, to work it out to a successful issue. Better leave it alone; and take the advice of one who knows."

Mr. Procrastinator said: "Look here: I'd a good deal rather stretch my le. s under this desk and yawn than ever to begin a task like yours. But I'll tell you what, if you call again I'll think it over. Maybe I'll join you. Come again, I'll think it over."

But Mr. Success said to himself: "As for you, Disconsolator, I'll feed you on fish-balls boiled in blue water; that's good enough for you, but none of it is for me. I never let anything look 'blue' or taste 'blue' to me."

"As for you, Dilator, Hell is paved with skulls like yours. Buried intentions populate the Dismal Swamp of Failure. When I do look for you, you had better introduce you to the Chief Delayer of the Universe."

And Mr. Procrastinator, I can think of nothing better for you than the cap and bells of the King's Jester. You certainly have taken life as a general joke. It is said a long laugh ends in a cry. I wish you you well. I shall be there with a big, new handkerchief."

Mr. Success now enjoys his laugh, and his ancient job-like friends are sitting on sackcloth and decorating themselves from the ash-heap.

Some time ago I mentioned my interest in a National Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf. I was delighted to read the remarks on this subject in the December *Silent Worker* by Mr. Frank P. Gibson. He favors an Inter state Home, if the National idea is not found feasible. His views are so clear and business-like that they deserve a wide circulation. Listen to Mr. Gibson:—

Coming down to cold figures on the cost of running such a project, there would be right at the top of the list the salary question. The salary of one superintendent would be all in that direction; the one also would apply to a good many other accounts payable, one building and ground to be kept up, one set of employees and officers and so on down the list. There would be a perceptible diminishing of the constant appeals to the deaf for support (an appeal which is sometimes a very inconvenient one, deserving though the cause may be) as the *pro rata* cost to the deaf of each state would come down correspondingly with the reduced cost of the support and management of such a home. Officers of the Illinois Association claim that their advances to other state associations toward such a project's consummation were met with no encouragement. However, if sentiment at this time may be taken as any indication of the reception of such a proposal, it looks as if the plan would receive "second thoughts" were it again presented.

"Heni Du Pre" expounded a brilliant idea recently. I wish to heartily second the motion. He suggests that whereas, us, the past and present correspondents of the JOURNAL have had our command of English greatly benefited by the apprenticeship we have served under our "journalistic guide, philosopher and friend, Edwin Allan Hodgson," be it resolved that us chip in, and on the top of Pike's Peak, in 1910, present him with an appropriate testimonial of our appreciation.

Beth Israel Deaf Society of Philadelphia.

"For mutual improvement and for the cultivation of the arts of literature and debating," the "Beth Israel Deaf Society," of Philadelphia was duly organized into being on Sunday afternoon, January 12th. After a Constitution and By-laws were adopted, the following officers were elected:—President, Henry Blankenslee; Vice-President, Edward Wilson; Secretary, Miss Rebecca H. Rosenstein; Treasurer, Miss Freda Pollock.

The constitution provides that the office of President shall be reserved solely for a man, but all other offices shall be open to the other sex. This arrangement gave general satisfaction, and after the installation of the officers, there was much rejoicing. President Blankenslee, who conceived and did pioneer work in the organization, looked immensely pleased. Vice-President Wilson felt the honor thrust upon him quite too heavy a load to bear, but accepted his situation with a philosophical smile, and much satisfaction at the birth of the society. Secretary Rebecca H. Rosenstein, who is rather petite physically, felt mentally big with the pen and portfolio, but was quite affable to everybody. And Treasurer Freda Pollock, who is vivacious and fond of society, and whose everlasting smiles and pretty teeth are a part of herself, looked as happy as a big sun flower.

And there is a reason. The "Beth Israel Deaf Society" has a home in the new Temple Beth Israel, 32d Street and Montgomery Avenue, which can not be surpassed in appointments and conveniences by any other deaf society in the United States. Probably none can equal it. A section of the Assembly Room under the synagogue has been assigned to the society's special use. This section is a room in itself of ample proportion and lighted by electricity. It can be made a part of the large Assembly Room by removal of sliding doors.

Temple Beth Israel is a fine new house of worship of the better class of Philadelphia Jews. It is built of white brick. It must have cost a heap of money. It is a large rectangular building capped in the middle by a large semispherical dome, which adds much to its impressiveness and size. Under this dome is the synagogue, or great room, where the congregation assembles to worship on Friday evenings and Saturday mornings. It is reached by a broad flight of steps, from the 32d side, at the top of which is a spacious portico and the main entrance. The walls of the Temple have long parallel slits for

windows, which look very odd. There is little or no embellishment about the exterior part of the building, but it has an air of solidity, strength and comfort, not often seen in Christian churches.

The Assembly Room under the Synagogue is designed for entertainment, business, etc., and is quite spacious, and in fact the side rooms are a part of it, and all can be readily converted into a greater room by removal of the partition doors.

Sunday being a legal Christian Holiday, the Hebrews of the Congregation usually assemble here, and hold and plan their social and business and religious functions on that day. While the deaf Hebrews were organizing their society, the hearing members of the synagogue were busy in the other side rooms with their affairs. When everything was finished some of the finely dressed ladies, with sparkling brilliants in their ears and on their fingers, and with affability of countenance and manners, began to hand around generous slices of rich cake and mocha. It was a fine treat, particularly the democratic part of it. This part is usually made up of Rabbi and Mrs. Nathan, who have a way of making themselves solid with all interested in the Beth Israel Deaf Society.

Mr. Samuel Cohen, of New York, who is a student of Gallaudet College, stopped off at Philadelphia on the 5th inst., on his way to Washington, D. C., and visited the deaf at the Temple. He was much interested in the projected organization of the Philadelphia Jewish Society, and delivered two interesting and pertinent addresses which were much appreciated by all who understood them. In the first, he gave some sensible advice in regard to ill-feeling and resentment between the Jews and Christians, and counseled the cultivation of a friendly spirit for all, and the elimination of strife as much as possible. He was not orthodox in his views, and thought a liberal policy in any religion was the best policy for its propagation and success.

His second address was quite remarkable for the fund of historical knowledge he showed regarding the participation of the Jews in the early education of the deaf. After describing or mentioning Jewish educators of the deaf in Portugal in the fifteenth century, he traced others through Spain, France, etc., and finally wound up with David Sexias, who established the first school for the deaf in Philadelphia. He thought the Jewish deaf should not forget these benefactors of their race; and as Christians honored De l'Epée, Sicard, Gallaudet and others, so they hold the Jewish educators in grateful remembrance. He thought it would be a good idea after the "Beth Israel" Society was organized, to celebrate the anniversaries of the births of these Jewish educators, or in some other manner commemorate them.

Mr. Cohen has a fine sign delivery, a spontaneous and expressive command of language, good teeth, and a pleasant personality. He may become a rabbi to the deaf of New York some day, but he is quite modest, and won't talk much about this subject. We wish him success. Among the visitors to the society lately were Messrs. Lloyd Hutchinson, Arthur Fowler, Mr. and Mrs. Miles, Thomas Breen, and your correspondent.

J. T. E. PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 12, 1908

We saw a little deaf and dumb boy in England, who had no hands. He is a clever little fellow. He can read, write and make signs with his arms. He has long pencils that he holds in his elbows when he writes nicely too. He can take off and put on his clothes. He feeds himself. He plays with the other boys and has lots of good times. He seems very happy. He was born without hands.—*Canadian Mule*

The Bishop of Pittsburgh, the Right Reverend Doctor Whitehead, has signified to the Rev. Austin W. Mann his intention to administer Confirmation to Members of St. Margaret's Mission, Trinity Parish, Pittsburgh, on the morning of the Fourth Sunday after Epiphany, February second.

The Rev. Mr. Mann was taken sick on his return from Michigan and could not fill the appointments made for Sunday, January 5th, at St. Agnes' Mission, Cleveland.

Mrs. P. J. Converse, of Medford, Mass., will hold a party at her house, 9 Wareham Street, Saturday afternoon and evening, May 20th next, in behalf of the Home for the Aged Infirm Deaf in Everett.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 3025 N. Nineteenth Street.

Services every Sunday at 2:30 P.M. (Except during July and August, 10:30 A.M.)

Holy Communion—First Sunday of the month.

Bible Class, immediately after services.

Cleric Literary Association meets every Thursday, after 7:30 o'clock.

The Ancient Joke. "My work shall live!" the builder cried, "With granite from yon mountain side I will erect a temple wide And tall and grand, it will abide 'Gainst waste of time and wash of tide."

"My work shall live!" the warrior said, "The mighty legions I have led Have vanquished foe, their blood have shed; The nation saved, there's naught to dread; My work shall live in words of red."

"My work shall live!" the jester spoke, "Till turned to dust is yonder oak. The burden's heavy, and the yoke Is galling to the common folk; I'll make them laugh, I'll tell a joke."

The work the builder thought so grand, Though granite once, is only sand. The nation saved at bloody cost Has disappeared, all record lost. But true were words the jester spoke; We have to-day that same old joke.

—Harris Taylor.

Complaints of Short Hatpins.

"If I were a hatpin manufacturer," said the girl fretfully, as she jabbed fiercely at a hat big enough for three girls, "I'd consult the milliners before I made up the season's supply of pins. How in the world do they suppose we can make these mammoth hats stay on our heads if we only have these tiny things to fasten them with?" And she held up a pin about seven inches long. "Might just as well try to keep them on with a common pin. You stick this hatpin in one side of your hat and it doesn't come out at all. It just stays with its point imbedded in your hair somewhere, and your hat wobbles every step you take. It's no use using three or four pins if they won't reach clear across your hat. They'll just meet in the centre and get all tangled up with one another. I've spent all the morning on a hunt for a hatpin long enough to be of any use at all, and there's none in the market. So I suppose my nerves will be worn to a frazzle this winter stabbing and jabbing with these baby hatpins in an endeavor to make them of some use, and I'll look like a fright with my hat bobbing all over my head."

Self-Denial

It was beginning to rain and a man who was on the point of starting for church discovered that there wasn't an umbrella in the house fit for use.

"You can borrow one from the T———s next door," suggested his better half; "they never go to church."

"No Laura," he answered, with firmness; "it is wrong to borrow umbrellas on Sunday. I shall punish myself for my carelessness by not going to church this morning."

Commissioned officers in the British army are supposed to wear uniform only when in barracks or on duty. An officer on furlough, and when not engaged in military duty, is supposed to wear civilian clothes or mufti. There is no hard and fast rule laid down by the military authorities, but the unwritten law of good form, as upheld by the officers themselves, makes it imperative on all members, when attending private functions or otherwise engaged in non-military pursuits, to wear civilian clothes.

The master printer was plainly annoyed by the fool questions hurled at him by the sweet young thing who was gathering data for a book that was to hasten the industrial millennium. "I want to quote you as authority on the printing trade," she purred, "and some questions that I may ask may seem personal."

"Go ahead," returned the printer, resignedly.

"Have you been a printer all your life?" she asked.

Slowly and impressively the follower of Franklin replied:

"Not yet."—*Printer's Album.*

SYNAGOGUE SERVICE

Beth Israel Bikur Cholim.

72d Street, corner of Lexington Avenue.

Every Friday, evening, at 8 o'clock.

MARCUS L. KENNER, Leader.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

REV. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, Pastor

Afternoon service, at 3:30 P.M.

Bible Class meets at 4 o'clock.

Gymnasium and Reading Room are open to the members and their friends every Friday evening from 8 to 10 o'clock.

Address all communications to the President, Mr. Archibald McL. Baxter, 32 West 60th Street, New York City.

E. W. Frisbee's Appointments.

JANUARY, 1908.

10—2:15 P.M. Emmanuel Church, Winchendon, Mass.

20—10:30 A.M. Trinity Parish Hall, Boston, 3:00 P.M. St. John's, Lowell.

EDWIN W. FRISBEE, 182 Broadway, Everett, Mass.

NEW YORK.

League of Elect Surds Elects Officers.

UNION LEAGUE DOINGS

Xavier and Other Notes

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

As already stated in the column, the League of Elect Surds, on Saturday last, January 11th, held its annual meeting. There was a good attendance, in fact, more were present at this meeting than at previous monthly meetings. The reports of officers and committees showed that the organization is in a flourishing condition, and that from present indications the same state of affairs are likely to continue, perhaps more so with the present year. The election of officers did not excite so much rivalry as in former years. The following officers were elected to serve for the next twelve months: Grand Ruler, Alexander Lester Pach; Deputy Grand Ruler, Charles J. LeClerc; Grand Secretary, William George Jones; Grand Treasurer, Emanuel Sownelne; Grand Tyler, Moses Heyman; Grand Councilors, Past Grand Ruler E. A. Hodgson, Past Grand Ruler T. F. Fox and Murray Campbell. The officers will be installed with proper ceremonies on Saturday, January 25th, at the club rooms, after which the members will adjourn to a nearby restaurant to feast on a banquet, which Messrs. Hodgson, Fox and Lonsbury are arranging.

The club room of the Union League was crowded with members last Thursday, as it was nomination night. Vice-President Sownelne was in the chair, as President Nuboor was confined to his bed, ill with the grip, and after appointing an inspectors and two tellers, ballots began to rain upon the table, and the result was as follows:

FOR PRESIDENT.
F. W. Nuboor.....Sam Frankenhelm
FOR FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT.
C. A. Bothner.....E. F. Wolgamot
FOR SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT.
C. J. LeClerc.....Sam Lowenherz
FOR SECRETARY.
H. C. Dickerson.....Marx Levy
FOR TREASURER.
A. C. Bachrach.....Joseph Sonneborn

President Nuboor is the only officer to be re-nominated. The election takes place two weeks hence.

For the information at the public, the committee in charge of the entertainment and reception of the Union League next Saturday evening, at Plaza Hall, wishes to announce the fact that it will be a very enjoyable affair from every point of view, and while the ticket is seventy-five cents, the gentleman, who brings a lady, in reality, pays only thirty-seven cents and a half a head, which is an extremely low price. In former times, the Union League generally charged fifty cents a head for extra ladies, a quarter will be charged for each.

The best talent has been drawn from some of the most prominent vaudeville theatres, and the comedy entitled, "The Cabman, No. 93," will be very amusing, and the participants will be Messrs. Dickerson and Farnham, and Mrs. W. A. McClosky and Miss Hannah Frey. As the Union League would not guarantee a number of suppers, the guests will have to be content with refreshments and sandwiches, and perhaps, something else. Those wishing a more substantial repast, can go out to neighboring restaurants and hotels, of which there are plenty, where all sorts of prices are charged. The guests are urged to be present in the hall as early as eight o'clock, for the sooner the stage performances are over, the better it will be for all who love to dance to the enchanting music of the excellent band engaged for the occasion.

"Uncle Si" Grogan is responsible for the announcement of "Maud's" party in the Xavier Club's advertisement elsewhere in this issue. He heads the entertainment committee, Messrs. O'Brien, Kickers and A. Mattes appointed by President J. M. O'Donnell, at the club meeting, January 8th. Maud, Mirandy and Si will be on hand, and if the authorities at the club house grant permission, a live species of the kicking equine will be a novelty at the party.

While not largely attended, the meeting was a well-conducted one, President O'Donnell giving every assurance by his manner of procedure, his entire fitness for the office of Chief Executive. In his report, which was read from manuscript, he outlined a strictly business-like policy in the conduct of club affairs, and expressed hopes the members would stand by him

in an effort to make the club a model for other organizations of the kind to take after.

The house committee appointed embraced Messrs. Dragonetti, Pons, J. Mattes, and Matthews. Messrs. Joseph Schmidt and Valentine Goetz, promising young men, were added to the roster, with indications of other applications at the February meeting. Vice-President Albert Wokal occupied the chair, with ability, several times during the meeting, and Secretary John Walsh conducted the duties of his office with a facility indicating strict attention to business. The club's finances will be looked after by Mr. O'Brien, during President O'Donnell's incumbency.

Mr. Buckley, the chairman of the recent Brooklyn ball, wishes to state that the attendance was near 700 than 500, and that in his opinion it would surely have reached the 1000 mark had the weather been more favorable.

The winners of the prizes, whose names were not obtained in time to be announced in the last week's issue of the JOURNAL, are as follows:

First prize—Miss Emma May—utterly. Second prize—Wm. G. Persan—The New York. Third prize—Miss Eva Collins—Japanese Girl. Fourth prize—Thomas O'Grady—"Joined" Giant. Fifth prize—Mrs. J. A. Lonsbury. Sixth prize—Harry Zerwich—Groucho the Monk. Seventh prize—Mrs. Stevenson—Barefooted Beggar. Eighth prize—L. Gilbert—Ogre. Ninth prize—Howard E. Hegeman.

The drawing for special prize was won by Mr. Meyer, who obtains a handsome clock.

On December 31st, 1907, the German Deaf-Mute Society held a "Watch Night," at the Hall of the Loop in Brooklyn. Long before midnight, five prizes were raffled, which were presented to the German Deaf-Mute Society by Mr. Lipgens and Mr. Arwinsky. Mr. Kumb won the first prize, an imported German beer mug; second prize, an antique Japanese vase, was won by Mr. Kadjein; third prize, a Japanese plate, won by Mr. Kumb; fourth prize, a Japanese cup and a piece of bric-a-brac, won by Mr. Arwinsky. When the raffling was over, it was midnight, and a bowl of St. Croix punch was served. All filled their glasses and welcomed the new year. Then Vice-President S. Nibler stood up and toasted Mr. Wm. Lipgens, and also the German Deaf-Mute Society, by saying that all members should stay good friends and not quarrel with one another, and to stay with the Society always, and holding together make a big society out of it some day. After Mr. S. Nibler got through his speech, all got up and they would hold together as long as they could and would always do their best for it. Among those present were Mrs. Lipgens, Mrs. Kumb and wives of other members. They had all a jolly good time and went home at daybreak.

Tickets for the Xavier Ephpheta Society's Washington Birthday reception, at the College Theatre, are on the market, and meeting with a sale. The programme is as yet incomplete, but will be announced in due time. Each holder of a ticket will be entitled to more than the privilege of witnessing the performance, as several valuable prizes are to be given.

Next Sunday, January 19th, is Rev. Father McCarthy's day at St. Francis Xavier's. Since his last visit in December, many interesting events have happened in Catholic deaf-mute circles, and his summary of these, with the regular sermon, and events to come, will prove of some concern to all who attend.

At St. Mark's Church, on Adelphi Street, between Willoughby and DeKalb Avenues, the Brooklyn Guild will have a necktie and apron party, at eight o'clock on the twenty-third of January. Admission is fifteen cents. Light refreshments will be served.

After spending several months in travel, chiefly in Virginia, Mrs. Susan Knox returned to the city on Friday, January 24. An attack of La Grippe has kept her indoors since her return, but she is now in her usual good health.

Congressman Bennett has introduced a bill in the House which provides for an appropriation of over half a million for improvements at Ellis Island. He is a son-in-law of Mr. Peter Witschief, of Port Jervis, N. Y.

The Committee of the New Idea Club is arranging to have about ten prizes for games at their ball in Danellen, N. J., on Saturday noon and evening, February 22d (Washington's Birthday).

A girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Abe Solomon, on the 30th of December, 1907. It has been named Julia, after Mr. Solomon's deceased mother.

Joseph Changnon and Miss Annie Keitel were married on December 26th, 1907. Both will probably make their home in the Windy City.

PHILADELPHIA.

Blind Deaf-Mute Left to Die.

DEATH AT THE HOME.

News Brevities

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Blind deaf-mute and half-witted, 9-year-old Mary Hirschbuehl was locked in a room in an abandoned house by her father to die of starvation, thirst, cold and fright. She was rescued after four days' imprisonment, emaciated, unconscious, almost dead.

This is the terrible charge made yesterday against John Hirschbuehl the father, of 2807 North Fairhill street, by the Pennsylvania Society for the Protection of Children from Cruelty.

When Magistrate Wrigley heard the story of the society's agent, he held Hirschbuehl in \$600 bail, and directed that his four other motherless children be given into the care of their mother's sister. The rescued child was sent to the Philadelphia Hospital.

It was a story that caused agents of the society, accustomed as they are to harrowing sights and heartless cruelties, to clench their hands indignantly and to cause tears to spring to their eyes.

Particularly pathetic was the sight of the wasted body of the child, of the bluish pallor of her drawn, cold face, and the tangle of neglected hair that lay across the agent's arm as the little head swung lifelessly when they placed her in the ambulance.

The story told in the magistrate's court was convincingly direct. Hirschbuehl's wife was buried last Thursday. On that day he gathered his little household furniture, assembled the four normal children, locked the door on the unfortunate Mary and left her there without any sign that he and the others had gone.

It was hours before she realized she was alone. There was no fire in the house. She was clad as she had been when the house was warm. Neighbors heard her moaning Thursday night and Friday.

Hunger and fear on Saturday scattered in a measure the cloud that has overhung her reason, and she screamed the alternately hoarse and shrill cry of the deaf-mute who fears the approach of death. She grew weaker on Sunday, the screams growing fainter and fainter. For some unaccountable reason, the neighbors did not go to her assistance.

It was only on Monday morning that the society was notified. When an agent found her, the child was rigid with cold and fear. It was a long time before she was restored to anything resembling life. Her condition is still grave.

The above clipping is from the Philadelphia North American, of January 6th, 1908. All the other city papers contained similar accounts.

Death has again entered the Home for Blind, Aged and Infirm Deaf at Doylestown, and this time claimed the oldest inmate, Mr. Robert Woodside, of Allegheny County. The end came some time between Saturday afternoon, and early Sunday morning—the exact time is not known by us at this writing.

The deceased was about eighty-seven years old. He always impressed us as being a sober, peaceful, and respectable elderly man, and it was always a pleasure to see his face brighten up, as we greeted him on each visit to the Home. His wife, also an inmate of the Home, died nearly four years ago.

We leave it to some Pittsburgh writer, who knew Mr. Woodside better than we, to give the readers of the JOURNAL a sketch of his life.

Miss Anna A. Peabody, another inmate of the Home, is reported to be seriously ill.

Grip is prevalent in Philadelphia at this time, and it seems to be so most everywhere within the zone of this mild winter. Some of the inmates of the Home appear threatened with it, and unusual care is being taken to lessen the trouble. Mr. R. M. Ziegler, President of the Board of Trustees, and Mrs. M. J. Syle, a member of the Ladies' Committee, went up to the Home early on Sunday morning, to assist in the care of the inmates.

Mr. George W. Hartley, of the Home, who has been ill with a severe form of rheumatism for a long time, is still suffering with the disease. He is a great sufferer and as helpless as a child. His wife is constantly by his side, and giving him what little comfort she can by her care.

A meeting, of the Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D., was held on Saturday evening, January 11th, at All Souls' Hall. It was largely attended. In the

absence of Chairman Stevens, Mr. R. M. Ziegler presided. The chief event of the evening was a reading by Miss Victoria Martino. Her subject was "The Moral Play, of 'Everyman'." It is said to be one of the oldest plays known, so old that its author is unknown now. It was more than ordinarily interesting, and the delivery was surprisingly good. Miss Martino, who is an Italian, came to this country with her parents when quite young.

She graduated from the Oral Department of the Pennsylvania Institution, at Mt. Airy. She is uncommonly bright and, since leaving school, she has learned the sign-language, and is so proficient at it that a stranger would readily take her for other than an oral graduate.

Miss Maud Edington, of Washington, D. C., went home on Sunday afternoon, after spending over two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Scott.

Mr. Clarence R. Anderson, of Pittsburgh, dropped in town for a brief visit on New Year's Day. He returned home on Friday eve. He favored his old Pittsburgh friend, E. Scott, with a visit.

On December 30th, 1907, Joseph Sullivan, a deaf-mute, twenty-two years old, of 616 Diamond Street, died at the Episcopal Hospital from injuries received a few days before, by being run over by a wagon at Eleventh and Cumberland Streets.

On January 4th, the Silent Five Basketball Team gained a deciding game from the St. Davids, of Manayunk, by the score of 24 to 20, at St. Vincent's Hall.

On December 23d last, with fourteen other clergymen, the Rev. C. O. Dauter was entertained at dinner by Bishop Mackay Smith, at his magnificent home in this city. He reports that it was a very enjoyable function.

A meeting of the Society for the Deaf was held, last Sunday afternoon, December 29th, 1907, at the Beth Israel Synagogue. Thirty-second Street and Montgomery Avenue. S. G. Eavilson delivered a lecture on the subject, "The Friend of God." The lecture dealt with the traditions of Abraham and his migration, from other sources than the Bible; the origin and the spiritual significance of the Hebrew religion, and a comparison of it with the materialistic beliefs of nations contemporary with its founders. There were about fifty persons present. Miss Pollock will be appointed leader of the class.

On Sunday, January 6th, Mr. Samuel Cohen, a student of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., gave a very interesting lecture on "The Jewish Pioneers in Deaf-Mute Education," before the Beth Israel Deaf Association, and good attendance was present.

Before the Clero Literary Association, on Thursday evening, January 9th, Mrs. M. J. Syle gave a reading of "The Shuttle."

The next quarterly meeting of All Souls' Guild will be held on Tuesday evening, January 21st.

On January 4th, the Silent Five journeyed to St. Vincent's Hall, where they got a forfeited game from St. Vincent. At that time St. David, of Manayunk, also won a forfeit from Mayfield. So the Silent Five played St. David, and won a great victory in the last five minutes, the score being 22 to 20. The feature of the game was the shooting of George Blong, who scored fourteen points.

Mr. Oscar Weidner, of Birdshore, and his friend, Miss Anna B. Severus, of Bethayres, were visitors at All Souls' Church last Sunday afternoon.

The removal of Miss Gertrude Parker to Rome, N. Y., deprived All Souls' choir of its leader and the church of an efficient worker. Since then there have been two new additions to the choir—Miss Kate Stetser and Miss Kate Moyer. Miss Jeanette King is the new leader. As now composed the choir consists of: Miss Jeanette King, Miss Dora Kintzel, Mrs. Joseph S. Rodgers, Mrs. Thos. D. Delp, Miss Kate Stetser, and Miss Kate Moyer.

George Lentz, of Allentown, visited the city recently, as the guest of Laib Hamburg.

Mrs. Washington Houston had a slight attack of the Grip, but is almost over it now.

Owing to a recent illness and rheumatism, Joseph Rival is unable to follow his occupation at present.

Quite a number of our deaf are laid off from work at present, and others have found little to do for a long time.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Stephenson, of Trenton, N. J., were in the city over Sunday, as the guests of Miss Louise W. Geiger. Mr. Stephenson left for home on Sunday evening, while his wife will remain a few days longer.

Service for Deaf-Mutes.

JANUARY 1908.
17—4:00 P.M., New England Home, Everett, Holy Communion.
19—10:30 A.M., Trinity, Boston.
4:00 P.M., St. Stephen's, Lynn.
26—10:30 A.M., Trinity, Boston.
10:30 A.M., Christ, Springfield.
3:00 P.M., St. John's, Lowell.
4:00 P.M., All Saints', Worcester.
Service every Friday at 4:00 P.M., at New England Home, Everett.

S. STANLEY SEARING,
Diocesan Missionary, Massachusetts
West, Mass., and Rhode Island.
564 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

NEW ENGLAND.

[Any New England News or business for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL may be sent to Geo. C. Sawyer, 98 W. Seldon St., Mattapan, Mass.]

The much talked of New Year's Levee came off at Commercial Hall, cor. Kneeland and Washington Streets, Boston, last Tuesday evening and although a good program was promised only about seventy-five were present, Mr. Holmes, who used to manage those enjoyable old time Levees, did his best to have all who attended enjoy every minute. The first on the program was moving pictures, seven subjects in all, most of them very humorous, keeping all roaring with laughter. One of them "Curing a cold," and suitable to this time of the prevailing gripe, was so amusing that the Hall fairly shook with the laughter it caused.

Whilst was played for prizes, also other games and amusements. Refreshments were sold in the hall.

There were very few of the old timers to be seen at the Hall, most of them being young orals.

Those coming the longest distance were Mr. and Mrs. Hayer, from St. Johnsbury, Vt., Mr. Cosette, of Meriden, Ct., and Mr. W. A. Deering, of Pittsfield, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Heyer had been spending the holidays with the latter's parents in Brookline, and took this opportunity to meet their old friends at the Levee.

Mr. Thomas White, of Charlestown, who by an error was reported dead or dying, was at the levee as rosy and smiling as ever. The first greeting that Mrs. G. C. S. got from him was "I am not dead."

Mr. H. C. White sat in a way back corner quiet as a lamb, eyeing every body; fact is, he is just over a battle with the gripe, and probably on this account, he couldn't afford to "cold cure" as such a big joke.

With the person in Malone, N. Y., who sent a letter for me to forward, please give his or her name and send along postage for forwarding the letter. I am asked a great many such favors, but at least want to know who I am serving.

An all night party will be held at Tremont Temple, on February 21st. It will be a reunion of the Horace Mann and Hartford orals, but others are cordially invited to join in the good time. Messrs. H. C. White and H. E. Babbitt, who have managed those February 21st parties the past few years, have been fortunate to secure a well known graduate of Clarke Institute to aid them. Mr. J. D. Nichols, of Lynn, will this time act as chairman.

Another entertainment is reported as to take place in Providence, but particulars have not yet been received.

Mr. Harry Jordan has been laid off on account of dull business at the Scott & Sons Electrotype Co.

Mr. Daniel P. Jones was of a party of four deaf-mutes who attended a whist party at the Warwick Club, in Dorchester, recently, and he was fortunate to win the second prize of a beautiful old glass dish.

Mr. James C. White, who is appointed by Morgan Hibbard to be his private Secretary, is a cousin, or even a little nearer relative, to "our" Harry White, the mothers of those two Whites were sisters, their fathers consins. Harry will surely find a warm welcome at City Hall, whenever he chooses to call, and a "what" job perhaps.

Mrs. E. A. Acheson gave a children's party in honor of the fifth birthday of her second child, Gladys, two weeks ago. About twenty little ones were invited, and enjoyed themselves as little ones can. The table was prettily decorated, and well laid with toothsome things that the children like. The little girl was well remembered in the way of gifts.

The small attendance at the New Year's Party should not be taken for granted that Mr. Holmes is now a "has been" successful manager, but the object for which the party was given, in response to a suggestion made by President Sawyer, of the N. E. G. A., for benefit of State managers, was evidently disapproved, though full details of the plan had not been given out yet. The other State managers were to be given full particulars of the plan as soon as the plan was perfected. In Mr. Holmes' case, he being State manager of Massachusetts, saw the field clear, (no entertainments having been announced to take place in Boston between last Thanksgiving and next Washington's Birthday,) and thought it a good opportunity to raise money by giving an entertainment on New Year's Day for the benefit of State Managers' Fund, he having been informed of the president's plan, volunteered to give the entertainment on his own responsibility. From the moment he secured the privilege from the president, he worked like a beaver, yet all his untiring efforts came to naught, for the attendance hardly paid all the expenses, but his efforts should be much appreciated just the same, whether the failure was due to prejudice, jealousy or the financial depression of the country.

There is one thing Mr. Holmes had done, though no fault of his, which was justifiably protested by some of the prominent deaf-mutes, whose names were published as State Managers of their respective States, on his circulars in advance. President Sawyer acknowledges having given him the list thoughtlessly, without advising him to wait till he had heard from them, and hopes they will overlook this thoughtless action.

President Sawyer will issue a letter, giving full particulars of his plans, not only for the benefit of the State managers, but to save the N. E. G. A. the expenses usually allowed a Committee of Arrangements of a convention, in next week's issue.

SEATTLE.

Since our last communication the deaf population has been increased by a number of new arrivals.

Robert Turner has bobbed up again, having spent the summer in Alaska. He and family are now located at Ballard.

James Sterling is another who recently came in from Alaska. He looks hale and hearty.

Still another arrival from the frozen North arrived December 14th, in the person of Jacob Garberson. Just before the heavy fall rains set in, he struck a good streak of paying gravel somewhere in the Cook's Inlet region. The few days in which he could work the claim, it yielded about \$4 or \$5 to the paw. He expects to return in the early spring backed up with plenty of capital. Next winter we shall expect to see Jake in Seattle again with his silk hat and auto.

Chris. Thompson, of Butte, Mont., was in town for several weeks, but left January 1st, for San Francisco and California points. Mr. Thompson is a thorough-going union man, and if organized labor is not a success, it is not his fault. He is also death on deaf-mute fakirs. While in a town near Butte he ran across a fellow pretending to be deaf. Chris. quickly saw through the mask and waded in, and after the fur had ceased to fly, an officer appeared and locked up the fraud. Mr. Thompson's exploit received half a column notices in one of the village papers.

James McPherson, a tailor, is another new arrival. He is employed at the Hutchinson Clothing establishment.

Alfred Stendahl, who has employment as a cook in a logging camp, is spending some time at present with his mother in Wisconsin, whom he has not seen in eight years.

Some time last month L. O. Christenson accompanied the boss printers of Seattle to Tacoma, where a banquet was given them by the employing printers of that town. Mr. Christenson was able to attend business the next day.

The Thanksgiving party held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Olof Hanson was thoroughly enjoyed by those present, although the weather prevented a large attendance. The host and hostess did everything possible to make the event one of pleasure to the participants.

About last full moon John E. Gustin was the victim of a birthday party. The following deaf dropped in to remind him he was fifty years young. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wagh, Mr. and Mrs. Klawitter, Miss Rose, L. O. Christenson, Roy Harris, Rudy Sterht, August Kabenstein, Mr. Woolhouse, Olof Hanson.

The event of the season was the masquerade held at Labor Temple, on the evening of December 31st. A. H. Koberstein, Chairman of the committee, went into it with a vim and pulled off an affair that is now a part of history. There were about twenty maskers, a few of whom we will endeavor to mention. In rotundity, Olof Hanson passed very well as a sailor, but nature never gave him the swaggering gait of a jackie. The sight of Roy Harris as a tramp set all the ladies to calling the dog. Had Emrol Runze strayed out on the street in his ghost uniform he would put to flight the entire police force. As a Scotchman A. W. Wright was all right to blow the bagpipe, but the part of his nether extremities, by vulgar people called calves, were not properly developed. Ringling Bros. never saw Albert Hole's antics as a clown, or he would be on their pay roll. As a cowboy, August Koberstein looked as if he had just rounded up a herd of Texas steers and dropped in to spend the evening. As miners, Clarence McConnell and George Parlow were surrounded by a crowd with brooms trying to brush off some gold dust. Edward Langdon has had so much experience in a print shop that he had no trouble representing his Satanic Majesty, L. O. Christensen was around with a note book prying into other people's secrets like any other villainous reporter. Mr. Halcomb as a witch cast a spell over all the guests until the mask was removed. Miss Sigal was a cute little Japanese lady who might have broken the hearts of half the Japanese male population. Little Marion Hanson was good fairy to

every one, and Lydia Waugh as a flour girl was a delight. Lottie Gustin's Quaker costume reminded one of William Penn's times. Miss Reese was a wee woman every bit and a few bits over. Miss Harris represented the Queen of Hearts. Messrs. Thomas and Klawitter as clowns added to the enjoyment of the evening. Mrs. Gustin did her part well, while Mrs. Klawitter was the mascot of the evening.

Mr. Wright captured the prize, a muffler, for the finest gent's costume (it is supposed the ladies awarded that prize as a joke). Mr. Hale secured a necktie as a reward for the most comical get up. Miss Harris took the ladies prize, a plate, for prettiest suit, and Lottie Gustin won a picture for the oddest dressed lady.

The next thing on the board is a leap-year party, to come off some time in February—if enough young ladies can be found. Seattle needs about 15 or 20 handsome, intelligent, worthy young deaf ladies.

January 6th, the annual election of officers of the Puget Sound Association of the Deaf took place. The result was as follows: President, Olof Hanson, of 4545 Brooklyn Avenue; Vice-President, L. O. Christensen; Secretary, A. W. Wright; Treasurer, J. E. Gustin; Sergeant-at-Arms, Alexander Wade. Mr. Hanson has been an indefatigable worker in the interest of society and the deaf in general, and his reelection was thoroughly merited.

Col. G. C. Burtis, Past President of the order of "The Americans," was in attendance at the last meeting of the Puget Sound Association of the Deaf. There is a deaf Society of "The Americans" in California, and Col. Burtis desires an agent to work for an order here.

A. W. Wright recently sold his place on 30th Avenue, at a handsome profit over the cost. He now has a rented place on East Republican Street, and is on the look out for a desirable residence.

Several of the local deaf are our of work just now, but they seem to far as well as their hearing brethren.

SHERMAN.

DEAF-MUTES IN COURT.

The alleged bunco game, in which one deaf-mute is said to have obtained \$78 from another deaf mute at Haydenville, under false pretenses, came up in the District Court Saturday, and the case was continued to Wednesday for hearing. It is claimed that, in return for a check for \$500, John F. Kiely, a shoemaker at Haydenville, who is a deaf-mute, loaned Fred W. Green, a deaf-mute, who has been spending his honeymoon in Haydenville, \$78, holding the check as security. The check was made payable to Green, was against the Hampshire County National Bank, and was signed "M. McEachern." Kiely drew \$100 from the savings bank in Haydenville, but handed Green only \$78, as Green had previously borrowed \$22 of him.

A relative of Mr. Kiely saw the check soon afterward, and suspected its genuineness. He telephoned to the Hampshire County Bank, and was informed that they knew of no person named M. McEachern. In view of this information, Green was arrested by Officer Samuel J. Edwards immediately upon Green's return from a trip to Northampton. Green had spent but \$1.41 on this trip, and the rest of the \$78 was recovered by Mr. Kiely. The preliminary hearing was conducted under difficulties, as communication with both the complainant and defendant had to be carried on by writing and sign language, the latter method being used through the assistance of Miss Frances Gawth of the Clarke School for the Deaf—Springfield Republican, Jan. 6.

The same paper of January 9th says:—

The case against Fred W. Green, the Williamsburg deaf-mute, who was charged with larceny of \$78 from John Kiely, of Haydenville, and with forgery of a check, again came up in the district court yesterday morning. Green pleaded guilty to both charges and was committed in the sum of \$400 for appearance before the superior court. George P. O'Donnell appeared in his behalf.

CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday at 3 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday at 3 P.M.
January 26th, Holy Communion.

JANUARY 19TH.

St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., at 10:30 A.M.
Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., at 3 P.M.

JANUARY 26TH.

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, at 10:30 A.M. Holy Communion
St. Paul's Church, Newburgh, at 10 A.M.
Gallaudet Home, 2:30 P.M.

The London and Northwestern Railroad has in its regular employ an artificial limb manufacturer.

Sang for Beethoven.

A hitherto unpublished journal of Louis Cramolini, who died in 1884 at Darmstadt, where he had been tenor and afterward manager of the Court Theatre, gives a pathetic picture of Beethoven's last days. When Louis was a child his mother had taken him three successive Summers during his vacations to Brühl, near Vienna; they were lodged with friends, the Lederers, in the very house in which Beethoven lived. There was not much intercourse with the solitary man, deaf and savage in his ways. However, he willingly exchanged a few words with Madame Cramolini, who spoke slowly and pronounced very distinctly; and he showed some kindness to the child when he learned that its name was Louis, like his own. The mother made bold to tell him that her son, having a fine soprano voice, wished to be a musician. "Not for the world," exclaimed Beethoven. "Let him be a painter like his father; then he can live by his art, while music would make him die of hunger."

The musician went often to the chateau of Prince Lichtenstein, and took with him the young Cramolini, but the promenaders seldom spoke. One day that the child had asked his companion the name of a pretty butterfly he had caught, Beethoven had answered, "Let me alone, little murderer," and the young Louis had understood that he was not to be troubled in his reveries. Again, when the musician forgot on the grass the memorandum book in which he scratched his notes—and that happened often—young Cramolini waited to return it to him until he had reached home. It would have made a precious collection of autographs, but, besides that he was honest, he did not suspect that this deaf man was a genius. The first time the artist, to show his gratitude, offered him money, the boy refused it. Then Beethoven, giving him a hug, exclaimed: "Proud little thing, I love you for your independence. All the Louis are like that."

A certain Count Montecuccoli suddenly appeared at the Lederer house, a great amateur of music and an obsequious player. He wished, at all hazards, to see Beethoven, who kept his door shut. The Count, in spite of the servant, made his way into the garden, where he found the artist, and began to explain to him that he had written a passage impossible for the oboe. "Monsieur le Count," said Beethoven, furious, "any beginner will show you how to play that; besides I have no time to talk to you," and turned him out. When Madame Cramolini showed her surprise at seeing a grand seigneur treated in this fashion: "Have I really been so rude to the fool?" said Beethoven. "All the better. Now he will leave me alone." And the good woman, still scandalized, said to her son: "He will always be a bear. You cannot blame him. It comes of being deaf."

Cramolini saw the great man only once more, eight years later, December 15 or 16, 1826. He had made his debut as a tenor at a German theatre, and he was engaged to a singer, Nanette Schechner, who sang with enthusiasm the part of Fidelio. Madame Cramolini had never till then heard a note of Beethoven; she was thunderstruck. "On my word," she said, "I would never have believed that that old bear could make such divine music; he has brought tears to my eyes. We must go and see him. He would be very ungrateful if he did not remember us, and I will not believe it. The man who wrote 'Fidelio' must have a good heart; besides, I always thought so."

Beethoven's friend Schindler was asked to make an appointment, which the master readily granted, even sending word to the two artists to bring music, for he wished to see them sing if he could not hear them.

"When we entered," says Cramolini, the poor man was on his sickbed. He looked at me with his shining eyes, pointing to me with his left hand, and said, smiling, 'So it is my little Louis, and this is his fiancée.' Then, turning to Nanny, added: 'A fine couple, and, according to what I am told, two good artists. How is your mother?' He handed us paper and pencils, and we wrote our answers, while he said things, sometimes incomprehensible. He asked us to sing. Schindler went to the piano, and we stood up in the middle of the room, opposite Beethoven. I wrote to him that I should like to sing 'Adelaide,' which had won me my first success in the artistic world. He gave a friendly nod. But when I tried to begin I was seized with such emotion that my voice failed me and Schindler had to stop.

"Beethoven asked why I did not sing; Schindler gave him the reason, and he said to me, laughing, 'Go on, dear Louis, sing; I shall not hear anything of it, but I wish to see you. I began again and sang with a real passion that song of all songs, the divine 'Adelaide.' When I had done, Beethoven, raising himself in bed, shook me tenderly by the hand. 'I have seen by your breathing,' he said, 'that you sing very well, and I have read

in your eyes that you feel what you sing. You have given me great pleasure.' I bent over, all in tears, to kiss his hand. He quickly withdrew it. 'It is your good mother who ought to be kissed. Thank her a thousand times for the pleasure she has given me in remembering me and in sending me little Louis.'

"Then Nanny sang the great air of 'Leonora' with such warmth that Beethoven beat time, looking at her with his great eyes open. The piece finished. 'You are surely an artist,' he said. 'Your voice recalls Milder's, but she had not the depth of sentiment that shows in your face. What a pity that I cannot hear you,' he was doubtless going to say, but he stopped. 'I thank you, mademoiselle, for this good hour. Be happy together.' Nanny, much moved, pressed the master's hand upon her heart. There was a little pause. Beethoven added, 'I am very, very content.' We took leave after writing our excuses for disturbing his rest and our prayers that he would recover. 'I will write an opera for you two,' he answered. 'Remember me again to your mother,' he said. 'When I am better I will ask Schindler to bring her here. Good-by, little Louis. Good-by, dear Fidelio. He shook hands, gave us another friendly look, then turned his head to the wall. We went out softly. In the street we walked in silence till Nanny said to me: 'We have seen the divine man for the last time.' I had the same thought. I took Nanny's hand and we wept bitterly."

Cramolini learned of the death of Beethoven the 27th of the following March. He made haste at once to the house of mourning, where a crowd of unknown people had already gathered to see the illustrious dead. The master was stretched on his bed with uncovered face. An old woman cut away a lock of the hair and lost herself in the crowd. Cramolini threw himself weeping into the arms of Schindler. Although he had to sing in "La Dame Blanche" that same evening, he found time to gather a double quartette to sing at the funeral, to ask Grillprazer for a funeral oration and to buy a plot that Beethoven might not, like Mozart, be buried in the Potter's Field. It was he, with other artists, who carried the coffin of the great man from the Torhalle to the Church of the Minorities. The distance is only a thousand paces; they took an hour to clear it, so great was the crowd. There were, says Cramolini, over 20,000 persons, and in the procession more than 100 carriages, among them the carriages of the court. Tardy homage. For several years Beethoven had not received the pension that had been promised to keep him at Vienna.—Ez.

TUBERCULOSIS

The State campaign for the prevention of tuberculosis, which has been undertaken by the State Department of Health, is to be pushed vigorously during the winter months.

The exhibit of the State Health Department is to be shown in Troy for the two weeks beginning January 6th. Troy enjoys the unenviable reputation of having a higher death rate from tuberculosis than any other city of approximately the same size in this State. Its death rate from tuberculosis is not only higher than other cities at present, but has been higher continuously for the last decade. A strong committee on the prevention of tuberculosis has been appointed by the State Charities Aid Association, and a public meeting was held on the evening of Tuesday, January 7th, at which addresses were given by Hon. Eugene H. Porter, Commissioner of Public Health, Hon. Homer Folke, Secretary of the State Charities Aid Association, and others. A meeting of women's organizations was held on Thursday evening, the 9th, addressed by Mrs. James E. Newcomb, President of the Stony World Sanitarium.

The most important meeting in the State campaign will be held in Albany, Monday evening, January 27th. Hon. Joseph H. Choate, President of the State Charities Aid Association, will preside. Governor Charles E. Hughes will be the principal speaker. Dr. William H. Welch, of Johns Hopkins University, the recognized leader of scientific medicine in America, will speak, outlining the results which may reasonably be expected from the application of our present knowledge of tuberculosis. There will be a number of other short addresses. The meeting will be held in Harmaus Bleecker Hall, the largest auditorium in Albany.

Modern Surgical Ritual.

The scene at an operating table in one of our hospitals now would make one of the old masters of surgery stare. The operator himself and all his staff are dressed like the old holy priests of Solomon's Temple, wearing white caps and gowns, with the nurses standing around like priestesses all in spotless white, while everyone about the table has gone through as many ablutions as befits the occasion of a

blood sacrifice under the auspices of the immaculate Goddess of cleanliness. A minute and elaborate ritual has been observed of sterilizing everything—towels, threads, needles, forceps, instruments, and what not, while the floor itself is made of glass or glazed tiles, rather than of wood. The surgeon himself does not venture to cut the victim till he has put on his sterilized gloves, because he cannot possibly clean his own fingers enough. Should any onlooker take his hand out of his pocket to reach for the gaping wound, he would be ejected instantaneously for spoiling the whole performance with his defiling touch.—*A verybody's Magazine.*

FENCE POSTS MADE DURABLE.

Fence posts of many kinds of cheap woods which ordinarily would soon decay if set in the ground, can be made to last for twenty years by a simple treatment with creosote. Most of the so-called "inferior" woods are well adapted to the treatment, and this is especially true of cottonwood, aspen, willow, sycamore, low-grade pines, and some of the gums. When properly treated, these woods outlast untreated cedar and oak, which are becoming too scarce and too much in demand for other uses to allow of their meeting the demand for fence posts.

Impregnation with creosote has been greatly cheapened by the introduction of the "open tank," which can be installed at a cost of from \$30 to \$45, or much less if an old boiler is used. A tank with a bottom 12 square feet in area will suffice for treating 40 or 50 6-inch posts a day, or double this number when two runs per day can be made. The absorption of creosote per post is about as follows: Eucalyptus, one-tenth gallon; willow, two-tenths gallon; sassafras, ash, hickory, red oak, water oak, elm, and maple, four-tenths gallon; Douglas fir, quaking aspen, and black walnut, six-tenths gallon; sycamore, cotton-wood, and lodgepole pine, seven-tenths. The price of creosote is about 10 cents per gallon in the East and Middle West, 15 cents per gallon on the Pacific coast, and 27 cents per gallon in the Rocky Mountain States. The cost of treating a post will therefore vary from 4 to 15 cents. Properly treated, it should give service for at least twenty years.

Experiments of the Forest Service show that with preservative treatment the durability of lodgepole pine Idaho is increased sixteen years. The cost of creosote is there relatively high, yet by treating posts there is a saving, with interest at 6 per cent, of 2 cents per post yearly. More important than the saving, however, is the fact that through preservative treatment other woods are fitted to take the place of cedar, of which the supply is rapidly becoming exhausted. A detailed description of experiments in preserving fence posts, together with practical suggestions for treating them on a commercial scale, are contained in Circular 177 of the Forest Service. This publication can be obtained upon application to the Forester at Washington.

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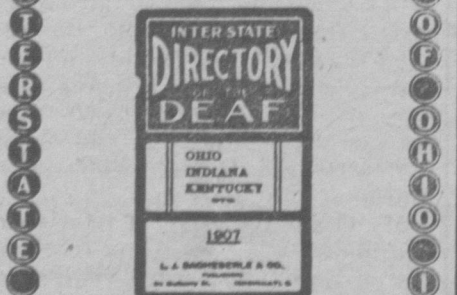
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